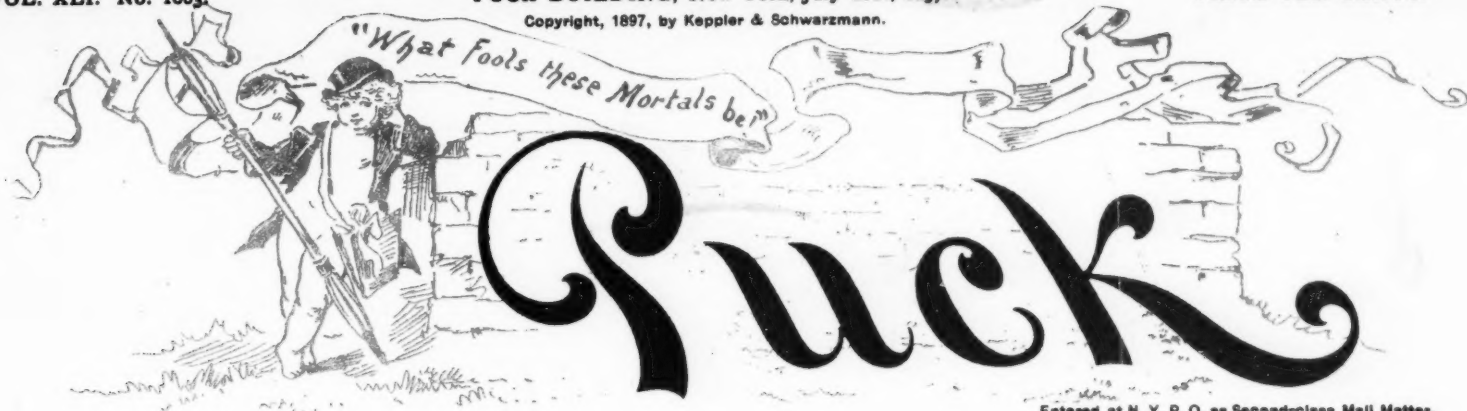


VOL. XLI. No. 1063.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 21st, 1897.
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"MCKINLEYISM."



A CHANGED MAN.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" said one of the palace attendants; "this war with Greece has turned the Sultan's head. He is n't afraid of anybody, now."

"Full of fight, is he?"

"That's right. This morning he was on the point of sending an ultimatum to the cook."

AT THE CYCLE CLUB.

FIRST MEMBER.—How would it do to agitate for a law allowing bicyclists to use the sidewalks, and compelling pedestrians to walk in the middle of the street?

SECOND MEMBER.—Well, that idea seems a little premature, just now. After a time we might demand such a law on the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number.

APPARENTLY.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

Oh! Bard of Avon, if in this thou'rt right,
Then Abdul Hamid and the Sugar Trust
Must have been four times armed to win their fight.



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SHE FAILED TO FAINT.

CHOLLY (who has left his fiancée for a moment, fallen overboard, and been dramatically rescued).—Did — you — aw — faint when you heard them yell, "Man overboard?"

HELEN (sobbing).—N-No, Cholly; — I never once suspected they could mean you.

A DIPLOMATIC ASSURANCE.

"The British government," said the Turkish Minister, "will not consent to the permanent occupation of Thessaly."

"That's all right," said the Sultan. "We intend merely a temporary occupation; — similar to that of Egypt."

QUITE AS IMPORTANT.

By the ring round Mabel's finger
You may know he is her choice;
But a different opinion's
In the ring of Papa's voice.

ON ANOTHER HUNT.

PLATO (on the other shore).—Where's Diogenes?

SOCRATES.—Got a new idea. He's gone to the United States to look for prosperity.

DANGER.

FIRST DOG.—This hot weather makes me nervous.

SECOND DOG.—Me, too. Heat seems to drive some people crazy, and they develop a mania for shooting dogs.



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A DISTINCTION.

MISS OUTERTOWN.—Is n't there a Mrs. Skinner in this village, who keeps boarders?

HI. HUBBEL.—She takes boarders, Ma'am; but she don't keep 'em.

PUCK.

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THE "KITTY Mc CALL"

SHE IS N'T a swell eighty-footer,
She ne'er felt the waters of Clyde;
She can't carry square miles of canvas,
She is n't a palace inside;
She was built by one Timothy Tucker,
She 's only twelve foot over all;
But she 's quite the best boat in Mugg's Harbor,
In calm, or in breeze, or in squall.

Her deck does n't glisten with brass-work,
She has n't a steward and cook;
Her cabin 's no more than a cubby
To hold just a cod-line and hook
And a wee little stove and a kettle
And a slicker and hat, and that 's all;
But she 's quite the best boat in Mugg's Harbor,
Is the cat-rigged yacht "Kittie McCall."

In the cool of the pink Summer morning
She floats o'er the somnolent sea,
With her saucy white nose toward the open
And the village tucked under her lee;
And I cry a "good-morn!" to the sea gulls,
And they answer my hail, one and all,
As we skim toward the sunrise together,
They and I and the "Kittie McCall."

And I shout to the helmsman: "Hard over!"
To the crew I cry: "Stand by to luff!"
And ev'rything 's done in a jiffy,
Though the weather be calm or be rough;
For I 'm captain and first mate and steward,
And I 'm port-watch and starboard and all;
And I 'm passenger, pilot and cargo
Of the little yacht "Kittie McCall."

But, ah! for the sweet Summer evenings,
When Someone shares watch by my side,
And the white sails droop listless and lazy
As straight into Moonland we glide;

Then the breezes blow sweet from the meadows
And kiss the dear face 'neath the shawl;
And I lean with one arm round the tiller
And one around Kittie McCall!

Richard Stillman Powell.



A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

"Did you enjoy the Missionary Aid Society yesterday, Aunt Philena?" inquired Nephew Clarence Townley, referring to the philanthropic gathering at Mrs. Judge Tubman's, the ostensible purpose of which was to construct skirt-coats for the undone heathen on certain far-away isles of the Pacific.

"Well," returned good old Aunt Philena Broadhead, with a gentle chuckle; "I can't say that I enjoyed the meeting as much as I usually do, although I must confess that it was the most successful session of the society that has occurred since I have been a member, in point of actual work accomplished.

I think we made more garments in less time than at any previous meeting."

"Then, how did it come that you did not enjoy yourself as well as common?" asked the nephew, who, being from the city, was untutored in the ways of such charitable organizations.

"Why, you see, that flirtatious Mrs. Flitters and Mary Ella Perkins, who is going to be married next week, were both there, and, being unable to talk about either of them, we were forced to work all the afternoon."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

JONES.—I wish old Richman would give me a tip on stocks.

SMITH.—If he did, you 'd be wishing you could tell whether it was straight or not.

WHALE (as he finds JONAH in his midst).—Hullo! what are you doing in here?

JONAH.—Oh! I 've just come in out of the wet.

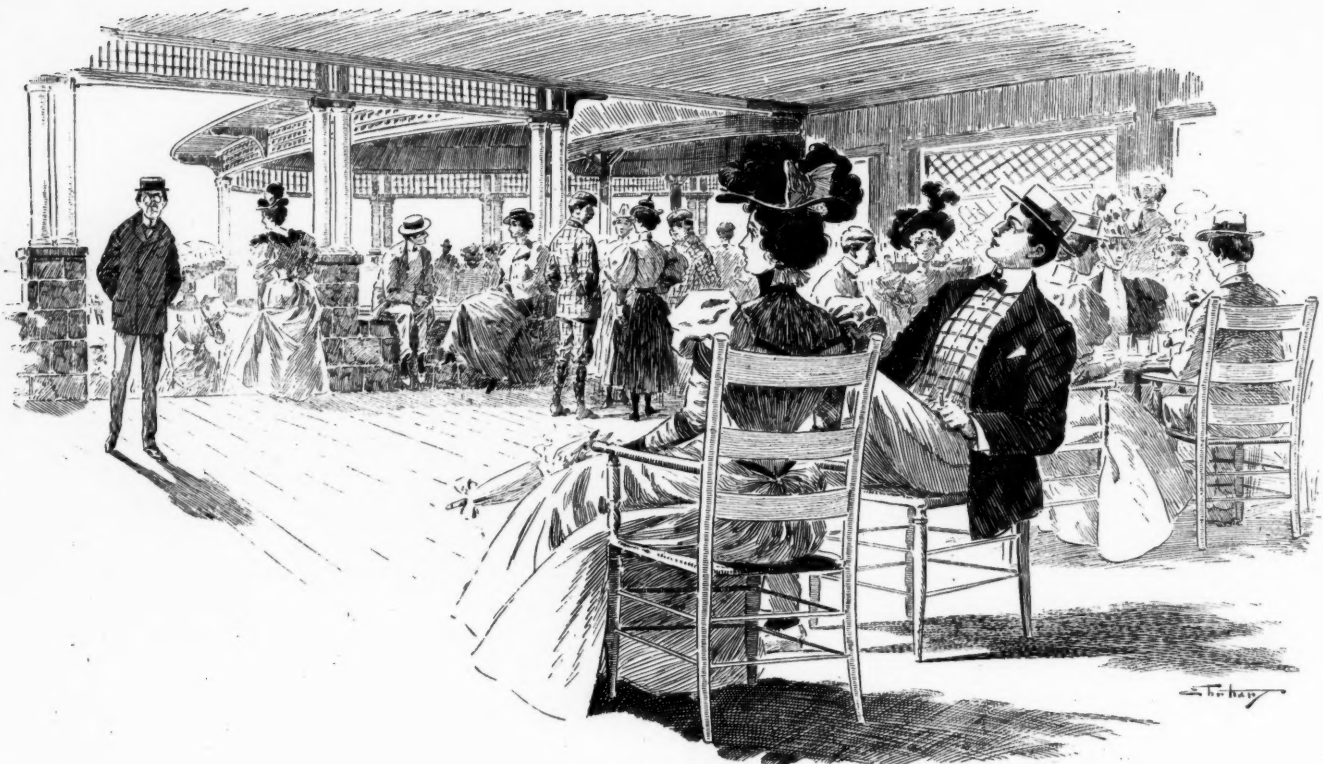


LUKEWARM.

REUBEN.—Silas don't seem to care much fer the theatre.

HIRAM.—No, he don't. When I was with him in New York, we went to one o' them continual performances, an' we was n't there more 'n three or four hours afore he got tired.

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WASTED TIME.

ETHEL.—It must be very trying to be as near-sighted as Mr. Jenkins is.

HAROLD.—Oh, it is—very! He watched a fair bather for half an hour the other day before he found out it was his wife.

AN EXACTING POSITION.

JEWELER.—A real smart detective would be worth ten thousand a year to me.

FRIEND.—Why, you can get first-class men for half that figure!

JEWELER.—I know better; I've tried lots of 'em, but never got one yet who could tell a thief from a kleptomaniac.

AFTER ALL, it is to be doubted if man and wife are ever strictly one, except one or the other of them be the whole thing.

IT GENERALLY HAPPENS SO.

MR. BLAWZAY.—Aw—this is a delightful spot! I wondah now if I could succeed in—aw—agwicultural pursuits.

FARMER WEEDLESNICK.—Don't ye try it. It's all we folks kin do to make a livin' outen farmin', an' them w'ich tries agricultural pursoots is durned sure to git left.

THE SILVER LINING in the cloud may be there; but the trouble is, clouds do not go around turned inside out.

THE LOVER'S ESCAPE; OR, THE SUCCESS OF ANOTHER SKIN GAME.

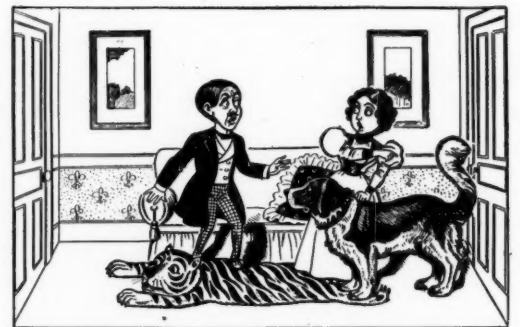
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I.
GEORGE.—Oh, heavens, Annabelle! Here comes your father, and he told me that if he ever caught me in this house again he would have my skin.



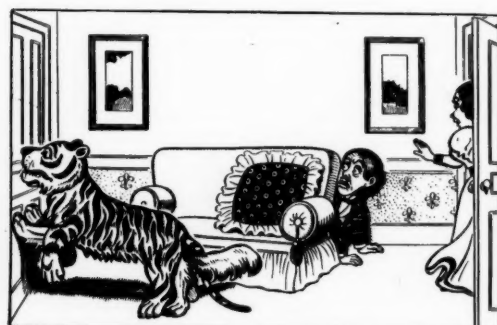
II.
ANNABELLE.—Oh, George! There is no way of escape but by the door through which he is coming. Oh, what shall we do? Ah! I have it. Up, Rock, up!



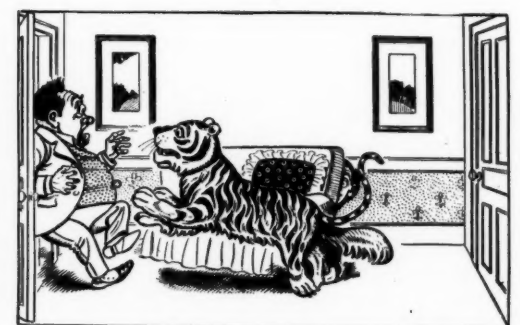
III.
ANNABELLE.—Now, George, you conceal yourself behind the sofa. Quick!



IV.
ANNABELLE.—Now, Rock, hold still while I put this skin on you.



V.
HER FATHER'S VOICE (from the hall).—Here, Rock! Where is that dog? Why don't he come to meet me as usual?



VI.
HER FATHER.—Where can that dog—Weow! Help! Help! Barnum's circus has broken loose!

LE ROI EST MORT!—VIVE LA REINE!



Y MIND to me a kingdom is,
That 's what I used to say;
But there 's been a change of government,
And the king has lost his sway.

I 've had to abdicate the throne,
To reign no more, I ween;
I may not call my mind my own,
It 's governed by a Queen!

Carl Currie.

COMPELLING HAUTEUR.

"Young Highstep tells me he is going to the mountains this Summer."

"Is that so? He struts so I thought he expected the mountains to come to him."

THE CHICAGO WAY.

TWYNN.—Chicago claims a much larger population than she really has.

TRIPLETT.—I understand that when the census is taken, every man who leads a double life is counted twice.



INEXPLICABLE.

THE BOOKKEEPER.—I don't know vot to make of der vay der boss is runnin' dis peezeess lately.

ASSISTANT.—Vot 's der matter mit id?

THE BOOKKEEPER.—He 's lettin' der assets catch up to der liabilities.

A CONSPIRACY.

FIRST DRAMATIC CRITIC.—His mannerisms make me tired.

SECOND DRAMATIC CRITIC.—Let us say nothing about them and we 'll make *him* tired.



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STRICTLY TRUE.

TIRED TATTERS.—Yer see dat old poster where it says "Great Shaks-perean Tragedy Company?" I saw dat company about t'ree weeks ago.

WALKING WEEFERS.—Git out! How could you see 'em?

TIRED TATTERS.—I did see 'em. Dey wuz hoofin' it fer New York.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

FIRST BOARDER.—Were you here last Summer?

SECOND BOARDER (*crossly*).—No; think I'd be here now if I had been here last Summer?

MAN WANTED.

No man was there by the sea—

Alas and alack!

As far as her eye could see

No man was there by the sea

To kneel at her shrine with a plea;

Fate kept him from crossing her

track!

No man was there by the sea—

A lass and a lack!

Harold MacGrath.

QUALIFIED.

APPLICANT.—I am an ex-convict, sir, but I want to lead an honest life. I know you by reputation, and I thought you might help me.

EMINENT INDIVIDUAL.—What were you in prison for?

APPLICANT.—Forgery.

EMINENT INDIVIDUAL.—Good! You're the very man I want. You can write autographs for me.



VII.

HER FATHER.—Help! Murder! Fire! Police!



VIII.

GEORGE.—Ah, here is my chance! That girl has brains, you bet!



IX.

ANNABELLE.—Why, goodness me, Father! What is the matter? It is only Rock. He must have crawled under that new tiger rug I bought this morning. What a coward you are!

PUCK.

UP IN HARLEM.

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MR. UPTON (as a base-ball crashes through the window).—Hi there! what does that mean?

MRS. UPTON.—That ball has been knocked here from the polo grounds—two blocks away. You should go right up there at once and see about it. It is an outrage!



MR. UPTON (excitedly).—Go up and see about it! You bet your life I will! Give me my hat, quick! Oh, what a beautiful hit! That means a home-run! I bet Scrappy Joyce made it! Oh, I wish I had gone to that game this afternoon! I'll be back in ten minutes, Mary, and let you know who did it! Don't be impatient. Keep the ball as a souvenir.

NOT TO BE EXPECTED.

HE.—I think only of you! And do you think only of me?
SHE.—Why, George, I'm arranging my trousseau!



A LONG LIFE FOR THAT LOCALITY.

MAJOR BLUGRASS.—This whiskey, Kun'I, is ten yeahs ole, suh.

COLONEL BLUDGUD (astounded).—The devil, Majah! Who kep' it for yo?

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SONG OF THE RED HAT.

I SING of the gay, Red Hat,
The up-to-date Red Hat,
The florid and flashy,
The trumpery, trashy,
Awfully fly Red Hat.

The tulle and straw Red Hat,
The feathered and flowered Red Hat,
The vain and self-glorious,
Loud and uproarious
4.99 Red Hat.

The flaming and bright Red Hat,
The blazing and bold Red Hat,
The very ubiquitous,
Rather iniquitous,
Quite-in-the-style Red Hat.

C. W.

HISTORICAL.

The red men of the forest took pity upon the unhappy colonist.
"Our hearts go out to you," quoth they.

The particular hearts that went out upon that occasion were the marble heart and the tobacco heart; but that is another story.

A WRECK.

"Terrible case of coming down in life,—the man with the wine-colored gloves!"

"An ex-millionaire?"

"No. Nothing so ordinary. He once—think of it!—was a poet! He wrote things that made one's eyes wet. He nearly starved—poetically. And then,—well, in a moment of despair he took to drink—"

"And now he is a hopeless drunkard?"

"Not at all. He is a wine agent. And sickeningly prosperous!"

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

JINKS.—I suppose the ancient gladiators were something like the modern pugilists!

FILKINS.—Yes; there was Spartacus, for instance. He was an awful talker; some of his remarks have even been preserved to the present day.





PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN DEFENSE OF
EDUCATION.

PROFESSOR PECK of Columbia College sets forth in the July *Cosmopolitan* the perils which he sees lurking in universal education. He regards as a glaring fallacy the current notion "that education in itself and for all human beings is a good and thoroughly desirable possession;" for "education means ambition, and ambition means discontent." While admitting that discontent is an angel he argues that the most of us have not the mental vigor to endure her visits. As a result of the restriction of educational privileges which he would impose we should have from the education of the few that would be found worthy, "a small and highly-trained patriciate; a caste, an aristocracy if you will." And this aristocracy would be enabled "to dominate the destinies of states, driving in harness the hewers of wood and drawers of water who constitute the vast majority of the human race" and thereby securing to them the only happiness their rude natures are capable of sensing. We think Professor Peck has been frightened out of his reason, — temporarily, we hope — by Messrs. Debs, Bryan and Altgeld, and by reading articles in the Free Silver newspapers, the kind that editorial writers habitually "view with disgust not unmixed with alarm." For, while it is true that "we see on every hand great masses of men stirred by a vague dissatisfaction with their lot, their brains addled and confused by doctrine that is only half the truth," it is also true that there can be no turning back. No truth can ever be unlearned, nor even a half truth; and so these discontented masses instead of returning to contented ignorance will be spurred on by their discontent to the very end of the road. Then they shall be content, some to hew wood and some to draw water, — no longer by reason of ignorance but by virtue of education, an education that will have enabled them to divest those occupations of about ninety per cent. of their drudgery and to collect their just wage for the service. There seems to be no doubt that we must brave the dangers of education. It has been spreading like a plague ever

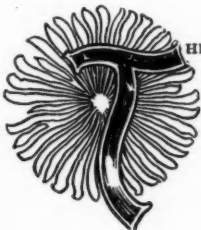
since we reached the first stage of evolution this side of the unassuming clam. And as education constitutes our sole advantage over that lowly bivalve we must conclude that it justifies itself; and that what Professor Peck sees as an unfitness to be educated, in the masses, is simply a lack of education. We shall continue, therefore, to speak well of education until we hear something more conclusive to its discredit. The most disparaging thing we can say of it now is that too much of it sometimes makes of a not perfectly balanced man the kind of fool known as a pessimist; — one who goes about trembling and whining because God has put too many stars into the sky.

We have had in this big country of ours a small taste of the government by caste for which Professor Peck yearns. The cult, which is best described as "McKinleyism," ordains that a select few shall "drive in harness the hewers of wood and drawers of water." And, as it ever was, the few have held the many in bondage by working upon their superstition. They are loyal to their country and proud of its glorious traditions, and so the few have led them to believe that they were not only protecting themselves but doing honor to their flag when they gave of their hard-earned wages to keep the wily priests in office and in luxury. Education is a sworn foe of this superstition and its sure-to-be conqueror. As Professor Peck says, the masses are but half-educated. As yet they see only that McKinleyism has enriched the high priests while it impoverished themselves. Their first natural impulse is to try to extend its benefits. Education will next teach them that McKinleyism has no benefits except for the few, and that it can confer these only by robbing the many. And in that day we believe no college professor will be found to deny that education may be safely extended, even to the uneducated masses.

SOME POST-
MORTEM HUMOR.

THE LATE David B. Hill gave many proofs during his lifetime of a capacity for the kind of humor which devises sayings of double meaning. A most delightful and characteristic utterance is contained in his posthumous contribution to the "sincerely regretting" literature of Tammany's Fourth of July celebration. "My views of party policy," he says, "are too well known to require repetition." It is of course a plain, bald fact that Mr. Hill's views are well known. The color of humor is lent to the assertion by recalling the manner in which he first made them known. He did not communicate them to his admirers either orally or in writing, but by the very frantic manner in which he began to burrow into the earth when an issue came along that required him to stand up and be a man. He started for the earth's centre and went as far as he could. And as the shouts of his amazed comrades came faintly in to him, he wriggled yet a bit farther. Thus did he publish his views in expressive pantomime. And for this reason they are so well-known to day that, as Mr. Hill says, he has "nothing to add to them, nothing to retract." Concisely, they are: "When you have to meet an issue don't meet it. Hide." The tomb has a reputation for emitting doleful sounds. This one is distinctly merry.

ANTICIPATION.



HEY SAY the airship's coming soon;
Right welcome will it be.
To all mankind 't will prove a boon,
But specially to me.

I'll only have to get on board,
('T will take me anywhere,)
Merrily then I'll steer it toward
My castle in the air.

C. W.

AN EASY EXPLOIT.

BROWN. — I don't see why so much fuss should be made about Queen Victoria reigning sixty years.

JONES. — Nor I. We have thousands of statesmen who would guarantee to hold on to a job sixty years, provided they did n't die and were not removed.

FULLY AGREED.

"It is a pity," said the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "that we have not a better navy. There is nothing like a first-class fleet to back up a diplomatist."

"Correct!" said Abdul Hamid. "A battle-ship in the hand is worth two ultimatums in the bush."

KEEPING THEM GUESSING.

EDITOR *Morning Freak*. — About time to start another guessing contest. What'll it be this time?

ASSISTANT (after a long think). — Let's let 'em guess what we'll do next.

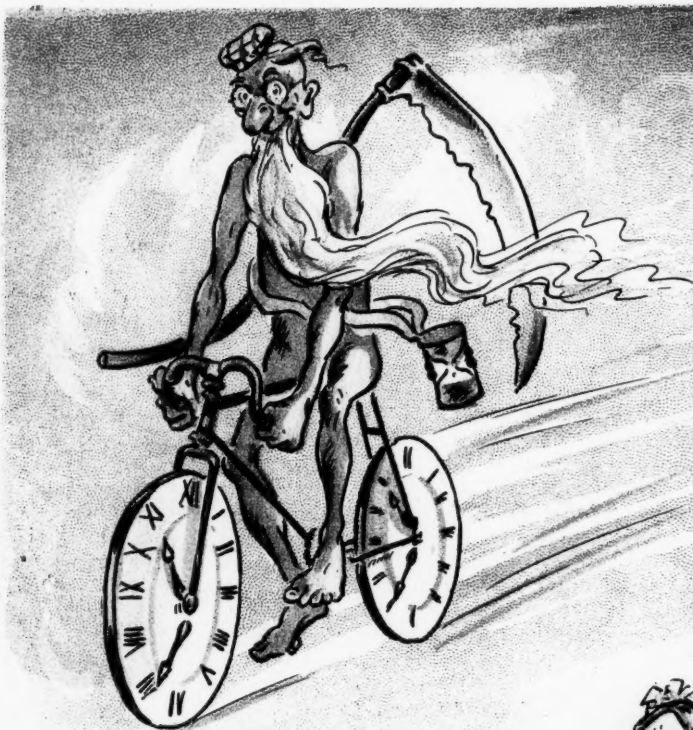


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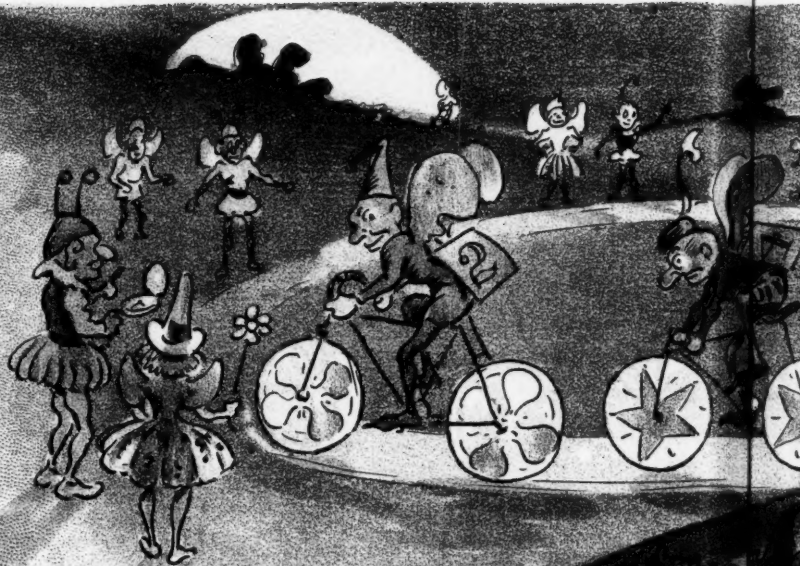
NOT EXORBITANT.

MRS. HOMESPUN (indignantly). — Here's an article says that in Formosa a wife costs five dollars.

MR. HOMESPUN (thoughtfully). — Wal, a good wife is wuth it!



1) The expression, "Time's sweeping pinions," won't do, hereafter. It will be "Time's rushing wheel."



2) Up-to-date nursery tales will no longer describe the elves of fairyland as dancing on the green by moonlight, but as holding bicycle races, instead.

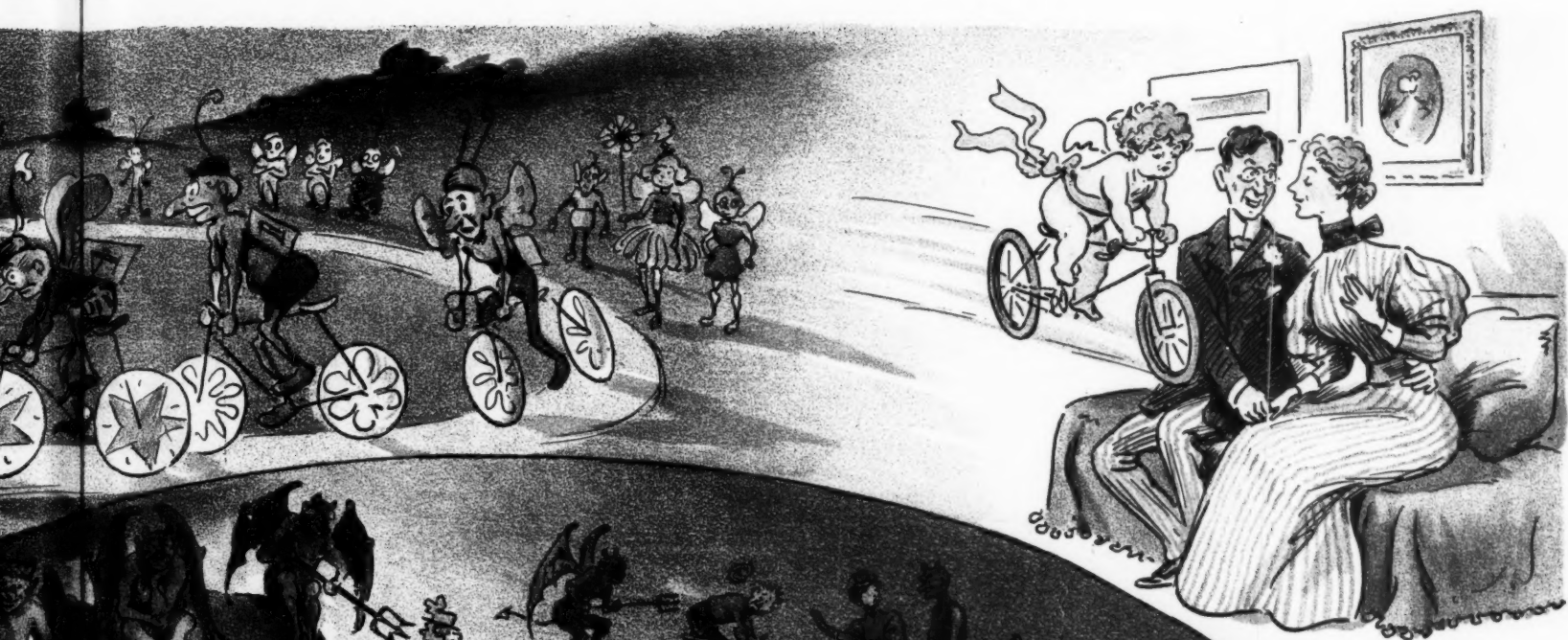


4) The formula for frightening naughty children will have to be changed from "A Big Black Man will come and carry you off," to "A Big Black Man will come and carry off your wheel."



5) The witches of legendary lore must be made to ride wheels instead of broomsicks, from now on.

PUCK.



3) Cupid will be represented as a "scorcher," who crushes young lovers under his little wheel instead of shooting them with arrows.



6) And, in order to impress their congregations, our preachers will have to depict the infernal regions from the bicyclist's standpoint.

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WHAT THE WHEELING MANIA WILL CHANGE.

THE "SEVEN AGES" (REVISED VERSION).

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First, the infant, taking his first ride,
Upon his Papa's wheel.



Then the kid, on his velocipede,
Owning the sidewalk.



Then the "scorcher," with discordant cries,
And never-ceasing bell.



Then the lover, with his steady girl
Out on a tandem. He considers her
A good thing, so he pushes her along.



Then the married man,
Taking his family for a little spin.
He buys the bicycles, they do the rest.



Then the fleshy man,
Puffing and gasping, with perspiring face.
'Tis not so much for pleasure that he rides
As to reduce his weight.

OFTEN THE WAY.

RURALVILLE CITIZEN.—Did you enjoy the band concert last night?
ANOTHER RURALVILLE CITIZEN.—All but the music.



A CHARACTERISTIC CRY.

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—You should have slept with me last night, Tess. The man in
the next room kept hollering "Cash! Cash!" all night long in his sleep.
SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—Wonder which he is—dry goods clerk or foreign nobleman?

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"And so —"
The brow of the Grand In-
quisitor darkened.
"—the accused laughs
at rack and thumb-
screw and still refuses
to retract?"
The Chief Torturer
bowed.
"It is true," he
said; "but my new
assistant, who for-
merly ran a
Painless Dental
Parlor, has him
now in hand."

At this instant,
high above the
buzz of the
treadle drill,
a sickening
scream of anguish was heard from the torture chamber,
and a few moments after the official stenographer reported
that he had the victim's confession full and complete.



Last of all,
The aged but enthusiastic chap
Who rides a tricycle, to show the folks
His wheeling days are not quite over yet.

HIS MIND RELIEVED.

SHADE OF SHAKSPEARE.—Who is this approaching
the Elysian Fields?
VIRGIL.—That is Professor Gumperdorfer, the
great German critic.
SHADE OF SHAKSPEARE.—Ah! now I shall have a
chance to find out what I really meant when I wrote
"Hamlet."

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

JONES.—The believers in reincarnation think they were
on earth some centuries ago —
BROWN.—I see! They regard themselves "as has-beens."

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WESTWARD HO! IN '49



Womanly

A sweet woman, the picture of health, speaking with that enthusiasm which comes from a sense of gratitude warmly expressed, said, "I don't see why you do not send out women to talk to women about the merits of Pabst Malt Extract, The 'Best' Tonic. There are so many women that are run down, with nerves shattered and a lack of vitality, feeling a sort of restless indecision which is an outgrowth of over-exertion, that if you could get a woman who had been through the experience that I have, one who knows as thoroughly as I do how 'Best' Tonic will build one up, and who has enough earnestness to tell them about it, you would certainly have a largely increased sale. There was Mrs. — who was thin as she could be, and her poor little baby puny and undeveloped; when I told her about 'Best' Tonic she went to her physician and said, 'Is it good?' He said 'Yes,' and in three weeks you ought to see the difference. Why, the improvement is something great; even the baby feels it and shows it. Now I tell you the women of this country ought to know about this, and I am going to do my part to tell them."

Pabst Malt Extract,
The "Best" Tonic.

ASK
FOR
"PABST"

PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA


BINNER CHICAGO

THE SELFISH PASSENGER.
CONDUCTOR (*crowded car*).—Plenty o' room inside.
PASSENGER (*one of forty hanging to straps*).—Plenty of room, eh? Where is it?
CONDUCTOR (*wrathfully*).—Alongside o' you, you selfish hunk o' humanity. Want ter keep that strap all to yourself, don't yer?—*New York Weekly*.

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RHEINSTROM BROS.
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MALT EXTRACT
MAKES
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(10 YEARS OLD.)

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CHOICEST WHISKEY

For CLUB, FAMILY and MEDICINAL USE.

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A TEST.

"I do love flowers!"

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Had made wheat take another skip.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE happy people are not those who do right, but those who are blessed with conceit.—*Atchison Globe*.

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BROWN.—My son has very extravagant ideas.
STONE.—He does n't look as if he had many of them, however.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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No. 6 **No. 6** **No. 6** **No. 6**

METHUSELAH AND THE REPORTER.



THE REPORTER of the *Assyrian Bugle*, who had been assigned to interview Methuselah when that old gentleman reached the remarkable age of nine hundred and fifty, found the patriarch sitting on the front porch, placidly smoking his pipe, and gazing at the peaceful landscape.

"You will be nine hundred and fifty years old to-morrow, sir, I understand," said the young man, as he took his note-book from the upper outside pocket of his coat.

"Yes, that is true," replied Methuselah; "but what of it?"

"Well, don't you think it is a remarkable age, and that people are interested in whatever a man so old as you might have to say?"

"I think not," replied the patriarch. "For the past five hundred years of my life, I have uniformly declined to talk for publication. I realize that the oldest inhabitant is not the only pebble on the beach of the ocean of time, although he is prone to imagine that he is, and that the world is anxious for him to go into a reminiscent mood."

"But are you not going to celebrate your arrival at such an unprecedented age?"

"Not at all, young man! I have become so addicted to the birthday habit that I take no account of birthdays any more. A few score birthdays more or less are of no special interest to me."

"But won't you tell me some incidents of your early life for publication in the *Bugle*?"

"Well, sir, it appears to me, as I look back, that I never had any early life, as I might say. I used to say to my wife, that is, to the sixth Mrs. Methuselah, the mother of my boy Lamech, that I was a pretty old papa. You see I was one hundred and eighty-seven years old when Lamech was born, and the neighbors guyed me a good deal about it. Poor fellows! they are all dead. They died long ago. Then Lamech was one hundred and eighty-two years old before his first boy was born. That made me three hundred and sixty-nine years old before I became a grandpa. What do you think of that, young man?"

"That was a long time to wait."

"It was. But I've become a grandpa a good many times since. Let's see, — at the last census I think I had about 3,476 grandchildren, beside a respectable assortment of great-grandchildren. I could give you a great mass of statistics about how many wives and children I've had, how many funerals and weddings I've attended, and all that sort of thing; but I don't suppose you want that, do you?"

"Yes, indeed! The very thing."

"Well, I sha'n't tell you. You may put down in your book that I can read the finest print without the aid of spectacles; that I've used tobacco all my life, and all the usual guff which goes with the oldest inhabitant stories. By the way," Methuselah went on, becoming communicative, "I would be very happy, even at this advanced age, if it were not for the patent medicine men."

"How do they annoy you, sir?"

"Read this."

The patriarch took a folded document from his pocket and handed it to the reporter, who read as follows:

"On my nine hundred and fiftieth birthday I can not refrain from sending this tribute to the efficacy of Kumoff's Celebrated Double Distilled Elixir of Life. I attribute my health, and indeed my existence, to the use of this truly marvelous prepara-



A REASONABLE CONCLUSION.

McLUBBERTY.—Begorra, Hogan wanted to whup me last night!

O'HOGGARTY.—How do yez know he wanted to?

McLUBBERTY.—Av he hod n't wanted to he wud n't hov done it, wud he?

tion. I began to take it about six hundred and eighty years ago, and have continued to use it ever since. At that time I felt age beginning to creep upon me, when a dear friend who had used Dr. Kumoff's Elixir for centuries persuaded me to try a few bottles. The effect was instantaneous. I was young again in a week. I have continued to use it ever since, and expect never to give it up."

The reporter looked at the patriarch inquiringly, and the latter added:

"An agent of that preparation was here this morning, determined to get my signature to that testimonial."

"You refused to sign?"

"Most certainly I did! I have never used his preparation in my life. Indeed, I never heard of it until to-day. Beside, he offered me only three hundred shekels for my signature. I hope I know something of my value as an Elixir of Life testimonial. No, young man," added the venerable antediluvian as he arose, and thereby indicated that the interview was at an end; "it will take one thousand shekels of silver, at the very least, to get my name at the bottom of that document."

William Henry Siviter.



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MRS. GILFOYLE.—Mrs. Bargain Hunter is a thoroughly consistent woman.

MRS. KILDUFF.—Is she?

MRS. GILFOYLE.—Yes; she is. She has marked her five o'clock teas down to 4.57.

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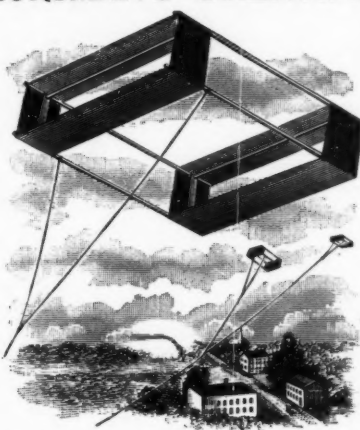


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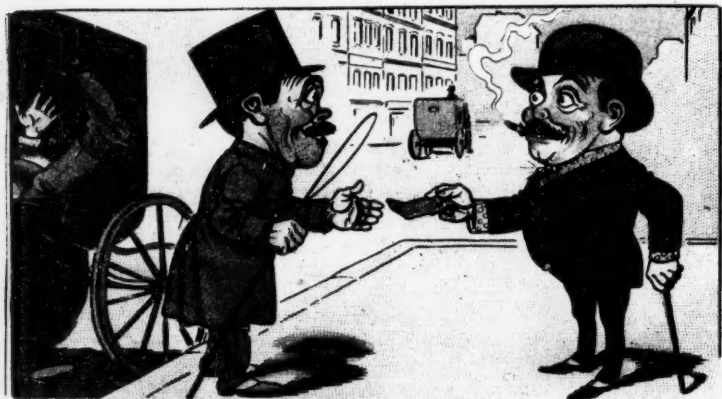
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I.
MR. BUNKO SHARPE.—How de do, Mr. Hardacre; glad to see you! How 's things down home?
MR. GOODTHYNG.—Say, my friend, you've made a mistake. My name hain't Hardacre, it's Goodthyng. I've just sold a hundred cattle, an' I'm 'bout startin' out to have a good time 'fore I go hum.



II.
MR. GOODTHYNG.—What! You'll not let me pay fer nothin' as long as I'm with you? I can stand my share, you bet, consarn ye! Just look at th' size of that wallet! Say, maybe you'd better keep it fer me till I go hum. Some o' them Bunker fellers might get a hold o' me.
MR. BUNKO SHARPE (aside).—Oh, this is enough to make one weep!
(aloud.) Well, here 's luck!



III.
MR. BUNKO SHARPE (two hours later).—Just take him down to the train for Corncob Corners, and see that he gets off all safe. Here 's five dollars for you to do the job up all right.



IV.
WAITER (a few minutes later).—Say, boss! de feller in dat booth has got a fit, and dere 's a pocket-book filled wit' waste paper in his hand.



V.
MR. GOODTHYNG.—What! You'll take me around and show me a good time? Well, if you New Yorkers hain't the most hospitable people I ever struck. Go with you? You bet. I will! I'd git lost in this town if I went alone.
MR. BUNKO SHARPE (aside).—Oh, say! this is too easy for a man of my ability. I would turn him over to some amateur if I did n't know he had so much dust about him.



VI.
MR. GOODTHYNG.—Shay, thish fourteen drinks 'r had on you. Y' ought 'r let me stand shome of 'r 'spences. Just give m' wallet 'r minute.
MR. BUNKO SHARPE (loftily).—Say, do you want to insult me? You are my guest, and you can't spend a cent. (Aside.) Say, it would be a waste to use knock-out drops on this.



VII.
MR. BUNKO SHARPE (gleefully).—Well, this is the richest day's work I've done for years! I only spent about fifteen dollars, and just look at this! Say! it looks too good to open.



VIII.
MR. GOODTHYNG (as the fresh air of the bay somewhat revives him).—Wa-al, I'll be dol garned. Thet 's th' best time I've had in years, and all it cost me was a worn-out pocket-book. Say, was n't he easy?